


FORD TIMES

FEBRUARY 1979



The Poetry of Airplane Design



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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

February 1979, Vol. 72, No. 2

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Cover: A young boy shows more aptitude for the poetry of airplane design than the poetry of Shakespeare, and has a teacher astute enough to recognize the difference. The story begins on page 2. Illustration by Max Altekruze.



IN A PROFESSION characterized by nebulous productivity, conscientious teachers often tend to doubt their own capabilities. The daily struggle to instill erudition into our young people, with no tangible measure of success other than examination scores, is apt to plague the more dedicated with a sense of futility.

Occasionally, however, the teacher may unexpectedly tap a rich vein of talent, thereby catapulting a youngster on to great heights of achievement.

As was the case with George Knopfler, whose aversion to English literature created a *cause célèbre* not too long ago. George's parents were liberal arts people — his father was a journalist and his mother taught poetry at one of the nearby colleges — and it was generally understood that

George would follow in the same tradition.

But somewhere along the line the genes became snarled and George emerged as the bad seed. The lyrical effusions of the great bards were like medieval torture for George and he suffered a thousand deaths whenever the anapests began to roll in English IV.

At the end of the first marking period, I felt obliged to consult George's parents on his lack of interest. The Knopflers were not disheartened. They felt that George was merely going through a phase. They were supremely confident that I would ignite the spark that would fire the boy with a passionate love for poetry.

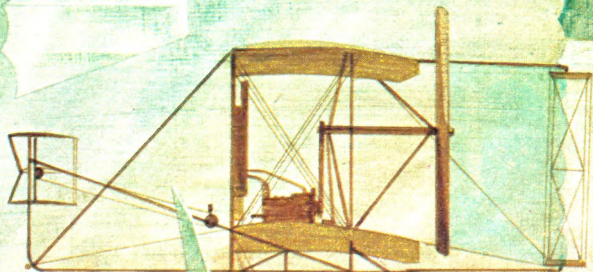
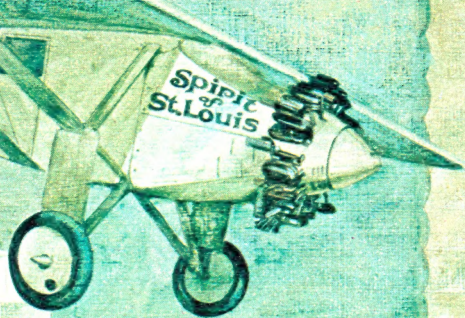
"We were hoping," said Mrs. Knopfler, "that you would recommend George to Princeton."

The Poetry of Airplane Design

George Knopfler showed great promise in
his poetry class—but not for poetry

by Steve Brody

illustrations by Max Altekruze



Ode To The West Wind
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

...th of Autumn's
...nce the leav
...chanter
...in an etic

W. H. Auden



"I'll, I'll do my best," I said, swallowing hard.

One day I distributed study guides for Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*. I instructed the class to read the poem, then interpret it with the aid of the study guide. All the students immediately became absorbed in the assignment. All, that is, except George Knopfler.

I was strolling about the room, peeking over the shoulders of students, checking their work. Upon reaching George's desk, I became aware that the youngster was not doing his assignment. Instead, he had fashioned the study guide into a paper airplane, which sat poised on his desk.

I picked up the airplane and examined it closely. I scanned the fuselage and ailerons for any signs of academic input.

"George," I said, "I see nothing here that remotely resembles poetry."

"No, sir," said George.

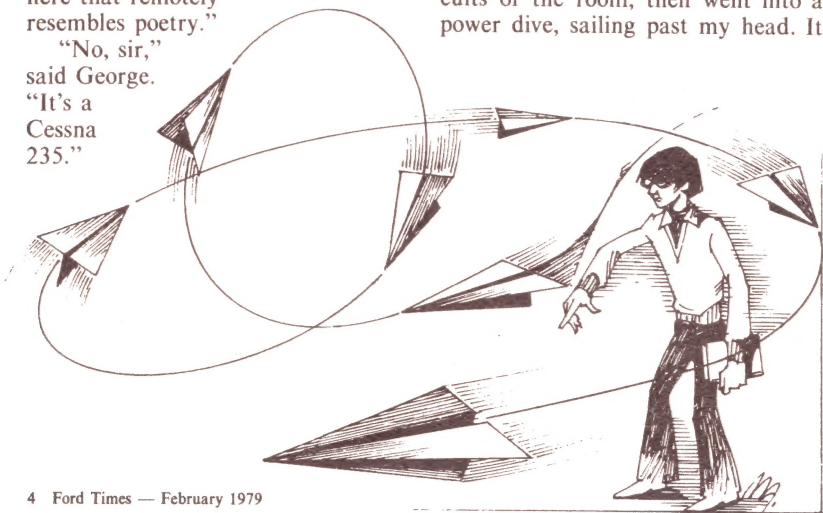
"It's a Cessna 235."

"Perhaps we'd better have a chat about this," I said. "Will you please stop by after school?"

Shortly after the final bell, George entered, wearing an expression of gloom. I came right to the point. I reminded George that his work in English IV was well below average, which would undoubtedly affect his acceptance to Princeton, or any school, for that matter. I told him that he was definitely shirking his responsibilities, both to himself and to his parents. I held up the airplane.

"George," I said, "I thought you had outgrown such immature pranks as making paper airplanes. I am disappointed in you, terribly disappointed." I aimed the airplane toward the waste basket.

The airplane skimmed the basket, then nosed upward to the ceiling. It banked left, made three complete circuits of the room, then went into a power dive, sailing past my head. It



climbed upward again, made three more loops of the room, then glided onto my desk for a perfect landing.

I watched the entire maneuver with fascination. "George," I exclaimed, "how in the world did you manage that?"

He suddenly grew animated. "I've developed a certain technique. I fold the wings a special way, which produces maximum air lift. And I've perfected my own rudder design. It minimizes air drag and makes for steady, even banks."

I took the plane in my hands and studied its contours a long time. "George," I said, at last, "I think we've been barking up the wrong tree. I think you have found your niche in life. Forget poetry and the classics."

"Fat chance," said George, "my folks won't hear of it."

"Perhaps I can make them see the light," I said.

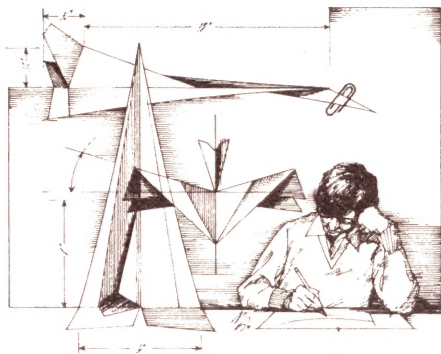
I phoned the Knopflers and asked if I could stop by that evening to discuss George's progress. They readily agreed, hoping that their trust in George was finally bearing fruit. When I suggested that George drop liberal arts in favor of aerodynamics, the Knopflers were stunned.

"George has no aptitude for aerodynamics," insisted Mrs. Knopfler.

"Aha," I said, "just wait and see."

George was summoned from his room, where he had been doing homework. When I asked him to make a paper airplane, he was overjoyed.

"Stress maneuverability," I suggested. "You have a lot of furniture in

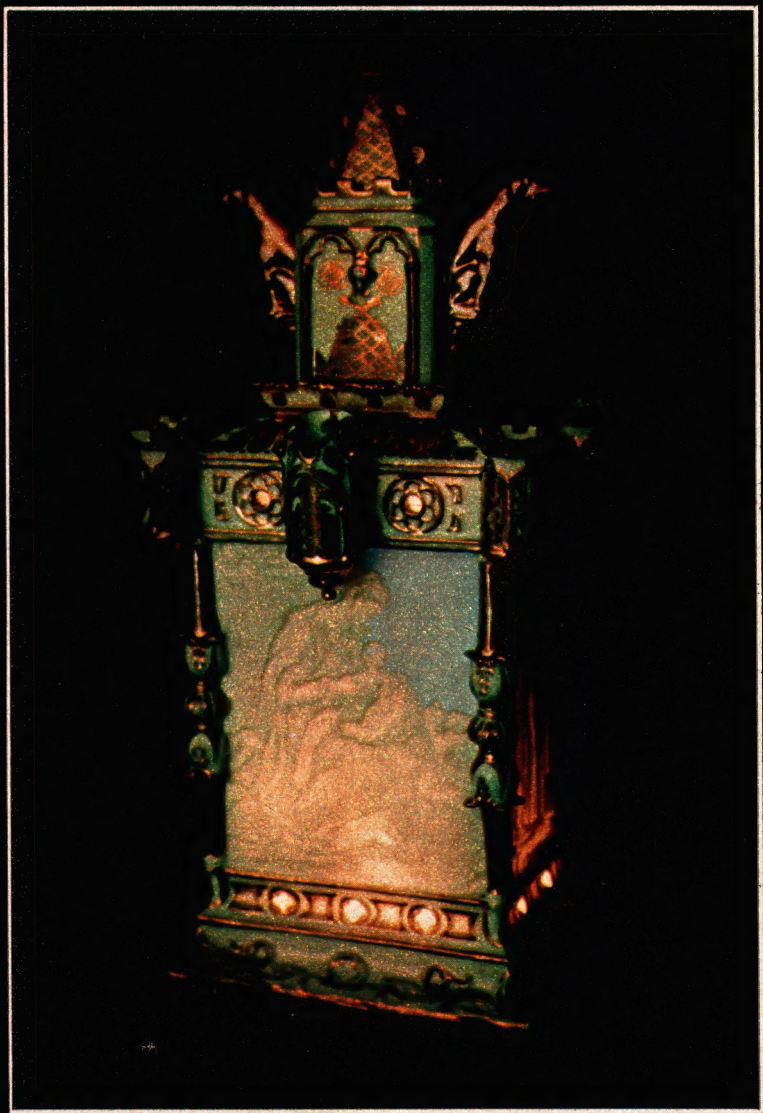


the house."

George left the living room and returned shortly with a paper airplane. He tossed it toward the center of the room. The plane soared upward, made three loops around the chandelier, then glided gently toward the carpet. About to land, the plane gathered speed, circled a floor lamp, then headed for the fish-bowl, where it made two more loops before coasting to the carpet for a landing.

The Knopflers watched the demonstration in a state of disbelief. It was obvious that they had been unaware of George's talent. But tradition dies hard, and it was reluctantly that they agreed to have me write a recommendation for George to M.I.T.

Today, George Knopfler is vice-president in charge of design for a leading airplane manufacturer. I take a measure of satisfaction in knowing that George achieved his eminence in the field of aerodynamics through poetry. □





THE TEAPOTS OF TRENTON

This small Tennessee town has the world's largest collection of an unusual antique



story and photos
by Roger Heidelberg

TRENTON (population 5,000) in west Tennessee is quite probably the only town of any size in the world where the city fathers conduct civic business in a room lined with art objects conservatively valued at more than one million dollars.

Display cases around the council chamber walls contain 450 rare *veil-leuses-théières* (pronounced vay-uhz tay-air) or night-light teapots, certainly the largest, and possibly the finest, collection of these unique antiques anywhere in the world.

How did such an unusual and valuable collection come to the council chamber of a relatively obscure Tennessee city instead of being placed on display in some famous metropolitan art gallery?

The late Dr. Frederick C. Freed, professor of gynecology at New York University, formed the collection, searching out choice *veilleuses* in antique shops around the world for almost 40 years. Dr. Freed was born and reared in Trenton and, on one of his periodic visits home a few years before his death, a brother asked him what disposition he intended to make of the collection.

Dr. Freed, a bachelor, casually replied that he would probably offer them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art since he had no children to whom he could leave them. The museum might be interested, he supposed, since its collection consisted, then as now, of a single *veilleuse*.

His brother asked him if he had ever considered giving them to Tren-

ton, his home town. "I'd never thought of that," Dr. Freed admitted to his brother, "but I *like* the idea." His collection, he concluded, would become his personal legacy to the little city to which he and his family were so closely attached.

So the teapots came to Trenton, to the astonished delight of the local citizenry who, until then, had viewed a teapot as nothing more than a mundane kitchen utensil, usually of plain gray enamelware, in which one brewed copious quantities of tea for "dinner" or "supper." Nobody in town had ever seen any kind of teapot to compare with the gorgeous *veil-leuses* that began arriving from New York, and nobody had any idea as to the function they had been designed to perform.

In the 18th century, potteries in England and Europe began producing a utensil for convenient bedside heating of soup or gruel in a sickroom or nursery. The earliest models consisted simply of a warming bowl resting on top of a round or square hollow pedestal, in plain white porcelain. The bottom of the pedestal contained a shallow dish of oil in which a wick was floated. When lighted, the flame not only warmed the contents of the bowl above, but also shone through the translucent sides of the pedestal, providing a soft night light.

The food-warming bowl soon gave way to a pot, for tea or other potions. French ceramists brought out new models in brilliant colors, often with scenes on the pedestal, such as Romeo



serenading Juliet on her balcony, woodchoppers and ice skaters warming themselves around a roaring fire or, perhaps of dubious worth in a sick-room, an assassin with drawn dagger about to do away with somebody's queen. Square pedestals were sometimes done in lithophane, where the thickness of the porcelain sides is varied so that the light shining from within reveals the scene. These models became so popular that the French name *veilleuse*, originally meaning any sort of night lamp, became applied to the genre.

Almost all of the *veilleuses* at Trenton were produced in France in the 19th century, the golden age of the night-light teapots. This was the age when Jacob Petit, the greatest of the French ceramists, began designing *veilleuses* in a wide variety of human or animal forms — “personnages” — that ingeniously concealed that they were indeed teapots on pedestals. The

upper half of the figure constitutes the pot, the lower half the pedestal. The spout might be a bobbin of yarn in a maid's hand, an opening in the plumed hat of a musketeer or the spout of a pitcher held by a goddess riding a jolly dolphin. More than 130 personnages are represented in the Trenton collection, many of them Jacob Petit originals worth thousands of dollars apiece.

Many *veilleuses* represent buildings — cathedrals, castles or houses. In one piece at Trenton, an octagonal cottage, the second story forms the teapot. At the front door on the first floor the tiny figure of a young lady can be seen, patiently helping her obviously inebriated husband into the house.

Some people might wish that such a unique collection were in a more easily accessible metropolitan center rather than tucked away in the city hall of a small west Tennessee town.

But, all things considered, the teapots perhaps belong exactly where they are. Those who know and appreciate them enough will somehow make their way to Trenton to see them. Every year thousands of visitors do, some again and again, not a few from the farthest corners of earth. All can view these charming old world masterpieces in the unhurried atmosphere of what Dr. Freed called "one of the friendliest and most hospitable little cities in the world."

He did not use the word "hospitable" idly. When the teapots first came to Trenton, they were displayed in the only space available, a corridor of the high school. They could be seen during school hours, provided visitors did not mind getting caught up in the crush of students whenever classes changed. During the summer, when more visitors came, the school was closed. This necessitated forming search parties to find someone with a key, someone who would have to wait

to lock up after the visitors left. Few people cared to linger very long in a hot, dusty school hall — a situation quite as unacceptable to Trentonians as to the steadily increasing number of visitors.

So, when a new municipal building was constructed a few years ago, the city fathers, eager to better display their proudest civic possession, designed their council chamber large enough to house the entire collection around its walls. Dr. Freed himself had the display cases custom built, happy that his beloved *veilleuses* had found so suitable a home.

If you should happen to arrive in Trenton today and find the city hall locked, you need not turn away disappointed nor comb the town for someone with a key to let you in. A sign on the city hall door will direct you to the fire station next door where you may pick up the key from a friendly fireman, let yourself in and stay as long as you like. □



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Volunteer "Vacations" on America's Public Land — This directory published by the American Hiking Society lists opportunities for families and people of all ages to volunteer their services on both Federal and state lands. Both skilled and unskilled workers are needed, for two weeks, all summer, and even in winter. The directory is available at many bookstores or can be ordered for \$2.95 from Signpost Publications, 16814 36th Avenue West, Lynnwood, Washington 98036.

Audubon Pilgrimage — John James Audubon completed more than 80 of his *Birds of America* illustrations while living in Louisiana's West Feliciana Parish (about 30 miles north of Baton Rouge) during the 1820s. In honor of the famous artist-naturalist, the West Feliciana Historical Society of St. Francisville will open to the public four area antebellum houses and two formal gardens March 16, 17 and 18. The Pilgrimage includes candlelight tours, color slide presentations and a re-created Rural Homestead. Tickets are \$8 per person, \$5 for students and children. For information, write West Feliciana Historical Society, P.O. Box 338, St. Francisville, Louisiana 70775.

Island Hopping in the Sea of Cortez — Pacific Adventures, a firm that organizes wilderness expeditions, is offering an island-hopping trip along the gulf coast of Baja, south of Loreto, March 24 to April 2. The trip combines sailing, kayaking, fishing, beachcombing, whale watching, diving and back-packing. Cost per person is \$395 and includes round-trip transportation from Riverside, California; meals; equipment; instruction, and guidance. For information, write Pacific Adventures, P.O. Box 5041, Riverside, California 92517.

Honoring One of Its Finest — The "Will Rogers Centennial Year Celebration" is Oklahoma's way of commemorating the 100th anniversary of Rogers' birth. Highlighting the year's activities will be "Will Rogers Days" in Claremore November 1-4. Visitors to the 20-acre Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore can tour four huge galleries devoted to the world famous cowboy-philosopher-humorist. For more information, write to Claremore Tourist Association, P.O. Box 1254, Claremore, Oklahoma 74017.

Just Off the Press — *Wheelers RV Resort & Campground Guide* for 1979 lists and rates more than 17,500 public and private parks and campgrounds throughout North America. The \$6.95 book features town locator maps and a cross-reference index. It's available at most bookstores or Print Media Services, Ltd., 222 South Prospect, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068. □

Rhapsody in Wood

About a double-bitted,
thin-faced, light-headed
"Lakeside" with a
full-length felling handle

by Clinton H. Russell

illustrations by Walter Brightwell

AS A BOY I chopped wood for Mrs. Gates, who lived across the street from us in Fort Lauderdale. Mrs. Gates was in her 80s and had come to Florida from the Minnesota back country. She disappeared one day when she was 87. We later found out she'd decided to go back to Minnesota, and had simply loaded her clothes and rat terrier into her '54 Ford and driven home. Mrs. Gates used to mow her patchy St. Augustine grass herself — with a push mower — so she obviously was in no great need of someone to chop wood for her fireplace. Nevertheless, she let me cut her



firewood for the short but snappy south Florida winters, for this was my only regular good deed in a life of boyish dissipation, and she knew it.

Actually, it wasn't the goodness of the deed that kept me at the neighborly task, but rather the pleasure of the work itself. That, and the axe she



let me use. Minnesota had been a veritable font of timber during its heyday in the 1880s, and so it should have been no surprise that first morning when the axe she handed me from her tool shed was a double-bitted, thin-faced, light-headed "Lakeside" with a full-length felling handle. An axe such

as most boys can only dream about as they heft dull Boy Scout hatchets. The handle was close-grained ash, sticky-smooth and stained dark from sweat and dirt and oil. The head was the deep chocolate brown color of the healthy, benevolent rust very old tools acquire over the years, and it smelled

of heavy machine oil. I took it from her as casually as possible under the circumstances and carried it to the small woodpile by the side of the garage. Mrs. Gates came along to show me which pieces to cut, and to stand over me that first day; not so much to ascertain whether I was actually capable of hitting the wood as to make sure I could consistently miss my feet. Visions of neatly split metatarsals danced in her sharp-eyed hoary head. I'm sure of this because she told me what was on her mind in no mincing terms. "You don't want your friends calling you two-toes," she pointed out.

Although what little chopping I'd done before had been attempted in my back yard with my father's small hand-axe, I passed the first day's test successfully and was allowed to flail away unsupervised the next time. Pieces of scrap lumber, medium-sized blighted saplings, and large branches saved from the spring tree-trimming at the start of the hurricane season, all gathered from neighbors, composed most of my grist. Mrs. Gates would occasionally attempt to enlist me in her gathering process, but with little success, for the chopping itself entailed the whole of my interest in energy matters. The rhythm of the swing, the smooth stretch and pull of muscle, the deep bite of the well-angled cut, the amazing flight of scattering chips, the new smell of pine from a fresh cut in a very old plank; all these created a fascination for me that, when combined with the sense of doing a man's work, exerted a pull to-

ward an uncut woodpile that to this day is well-nigh irresistible.

Toward the end of south Florida's brief cold season that first year, the handle of the old axe broke. This was just as well, for I had cut and split everything Mrs. Gates could get her hands on and had clamored for more, provisioning her for most of the coming as well as the present winter. I brought the broken implement to her in anguish, for the axe had been her deceased husband's, and I imagined she had formed twice the incredible attachment to it that I had. To my relief she brushed aside my apologies, and, to my surprise and delight, she gave me the axe! This was a mistake on her part, for although she bought a blue and silver single-bladed axe the next year, I never again showed quite the same enthusiasm about her particular woodpile after that first season.

The prized blade lay about my bedroom for a number of years. Although I wanted to rehaft it, I hadn't the faintest idea how to go about removing the remains of the handle from deep inside the head. Locked in by a wedge of steel, the wood seemed pinned there by some Bunyanesque strength from the north woods. I finally enlisted the aid of my father, who had declined to render his services in the task for some years, no doubt because he had foreseen dire horticultural consequences resulting from my youthful enthusiasm at actually owning the implement. Fearing for the temper of the steel, he vetoed burning out the wood from the head,

opting instead for the chisel and drill.

Rehafted, after many hours of effort, with a custom-fitted handle longer than the original, the axe was still lighter and faster in my early adolescent hands that I had remembered it. It devoured whole cords of downwood for our Big Cypress hunting camp with ease, and tugged me hungrily toward standing timber. My father's conservationism had struck deep, however, and I resisted, though with much sighing. My uncle Joe, a sportsman of principle who can countenance only absolute top quality

equipment, because he can afford it, borrowed the axe and without prompting proclaimed it, in front of witnesses, to be a decent tool. At 15, such compliments are not taken lightly. A surprisingly trusting soul at 17, I loaned the axe overnight to a girl friend's father, who pried up stumps with it and broke the handle without apology.

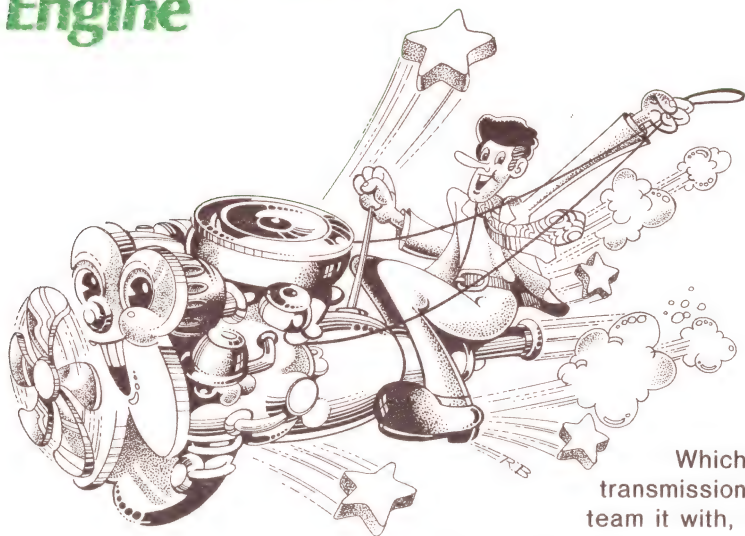
Mrs. Gates drove away, we lost the camp in Big Cypress, high school sweethearts evaporated except for discolored snapshots. Not until recently did I again go through the fairly tedious process of rehafting the axe; of shaving down a standard handle to fit the old-fashioned, odd-sized head, driving a hardwood wedge between the splits, and soaking it repeatedly in a bucket of water to secure it. I was spurred on to the effort after renting a house in a cooler climate with a small double fireplace of my own.

I scavenge my own fuel now, and once again I get that prideful pleasure as I chop and watch the wood stack grow. Woodchips sing as they spin away at incredible velocities, the fat pine fragrance bursts out of deep cuts, muscles wind up and pull in series until the cushiony sink and sound of a good blow vibrates in my arms and in the crisp air around me. My labor warms me while I work in the cold, gold light of evening, and it will warm me again tonight as I sit by the fireplace. The wood piles still higher, and, for a little while each day, I am completely happy.

And I still miss my feet. □



Getting the Most Out of Ford's 2.3-Litre Engine



Whichever transmission you team it with, here are some points worth noting

TO FIT your driving style, Ford's 2.3-litre four-cylinder engine is offered with two different transmissions: a sporty four-on-the-floor that's fully synchronized and a SelectShift transmission that lets you go fully automatic or shift manually. The overhead cam 2.3-litre teams with the four-speed manual as standard equipment on all 1979 Pintos, Mustangs and Fairmonts and is available with the optional SelectShift on all except

the Fairmont station wagon.

For the fuel-economy-minded driver, here are the Environmental Protection Agency's gas mileage estimates for Ford cars equipped with the 2.3-litre and four-speed manual: Pinto, 22 miles per gallon (mpg); Mustang, 21 mpg; Fairmont, 20 mpg. (Most California estimates are lower.) Compare these estimates to the estimated mpg of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending

on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length.

If your left foot hasn't touched a clutch in years, or even if they've been constant companions, here are some tips on Ford's four-speed manual.

- Press the clutch pedal down all the way to the floor when shifting.

- When upshifting or downshifting, observe the shift speeds listed in the owner's manual.

- Downshift to the next lower gear when more than normal acceleration is desired, such as when entering an expressway or passing a slower vehicle.

- To avoid premature clutch wear and/or damage, don't drive with your foot resting on the clutch pedal, or use it to hold the car at a standstill on an upgrade, such as when waiting for a traffic light.

- For best fuel economy, don't downshift at speeds above 15 miles per hour when decelerating to a stop.

- When you have to slow down while driving up steep hills, downshift to third if your vehicle speed is below 25 miles per hour or if the engine starts to labor. Such downshifting reduces the chance of stalling and gives better acceleration when you need to increase your speed again.

- While driving down steep hills, downshift to third to help maintain a safe speed and to prolong brake life.

Ford's SelectShift transmission provides you with either fully automatic operation in the D (drive) position or manual control by allowing you to start in either the 1 (first) or 2

(second) position and then to upshift manually to the next gear. For buyers who prefer the versatility of SelectShift, here are some pointers.

- The 2 position provides a second gear start-up and holds there. This position is particularly useful when driving up moderately steep grades or for braking purposes on mountain downgrades. Use 2 for starting up when the roads are slippery. Do not exceed 55 miles per hour in this position. If you want to upshift to high gear from 2, simply move the selector to D.

- The 1 position allows the transmission to start in first gear and stay there. To help brake the car on hilly roads where 2 does not provide sufficient braking, shift the selector to 1. Upshifts from 1 can be made only by manually shifting from 1 to 2 and then from 2 to D.

- At speeds from approximately 35 to 55 miles per hour in the D position, you can get the power and acceleration needed to pass moving cars or climb steep grades by pushing the accelerator to the floor for a forced downshift from high to second gear. A forced downshift from high or second to first gear is possible at speeds under approximately 35 miles per hour in D position by completely depressing the accelerator pedal. Remember, forced downshifts can be performed only when your car is in the D position.

Whether you match the 2.3-litre engine with a manual or automatic transmission, the result will be the same: driving that's both economical and enjoyable. □

The Minutewomen at Bunker Hill

**Sarah Josepha Hale led a tightly laced and corseted
group in a first step toward emancipation**

by Lawrence Martin

illustrations by Raymond Houlihan

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT commemorates two battles. The first was the one that schoolbooks tell about, of scared rustics and city 'prentices who, on June 17, 1775, fired the first American shots at British eyeballs. The second began 55 years later when the Boston minutewomen of the 1830s, triumphing over post-Revolutionary male lethargy, completed the memorial to those who fought at Bunker Hill. In so doing, they quite unwittingly raised an unofficial memorial to themselves.

The drive to build the monument was first launched in 1825. Patriotic Bostonians, having decided that the nation owed 220 vertical feet of local

granite to the memory of its heroes, gathered in Charlestown to lay the cornerstone for an obelisk to which children and maiden teachers might repair on vacation tours.

It was a glorious day. Daniel Webster struck his godlike pose, throwing sonorous sentences at the multitude like bouquets. Lafayette, aged and incredibly illustrious, advanced to pat a stone block with a silver trowel. Tailors, smugglers and clergymen embraced each other and wept as they cheered. Then the hordes melted down the hill, to reappear shortly at a gigantic banquet given on the green by Mayor Josiah Quincy. Lafayette went back to France,



Webster back to his political fences, and the hordes back to their counting-houses, cooperages, cobblers' shops and haberdasheries — while Breed's Hill (now popularly confused with nearby Bunker Hill, which gave its name to the battle) remained undorned.

On that same day in a New Hampshire village, Sarah Josepha Hale, a widow, was earning a bit of money putting new life into the decrepit bonnets of charitable neighbors. Then, her five children tucked into bed, she began work on another chapter of the two-volume novel she was writing.

While she was writing the next 12 chapters in her pious account of New England life, the Monument Association in Boston built a temporary railroad along which horses dragged granite slabs from the quarry at Quincy. But as the technique for dragging money out of a parsimonious citizenry was then unknown, the railroad soon rusted; the horses were hired out; and the monument remained only a lowly and jagged stump of stone.

Meanwhile, Sarah's two volumes were published and attracted the attention of the Reverend John Blake, who was about to launch his *Ladies' Magazine*. He hired the Widow Hale as editor. Thus in 1828 she, who was later to make *Godey's Lady's Book* a national byword, abandoned her frayed bonnets and arrived in Boston one April evening by the Haverhill stage.

She soon discovered that the view

north from Beacon Hill was marred by what seemed to be a pile of refuse on Breed's Hill. Mrs. Hale had a passion for tidiness. She had often seen an engraving of the architect's dream of the memorial shaft, pointing skyward from a sublime hump of meadow and surrounded by rococo trees. The contrast with reality annoyed her.

But for the moment she was too busy to take action. She was doubly a pioneer: an intruder in a man's field, and a launcher of one of the first periodicals for women. No toothpastes, washing machines or automobiles existed then to support a kitchen-and-parlor publication with advertising. Profits came from subscribers, and they did not pay in advance. Often they did not pay at all. Nevertheless, Sarah Hale's magazine prospered. She never abated her zeal to "mark the progress of female improvement, and cherish the effusions of female intellect."

By early 1830, she had time for the monument. Through the *Ladies' Magazine*, and through adroit publicity in the local papers, she persuaded Boston-area women to form committees to raise money to complete it. Contributions flowed in: from the ladies of Charlestown, \$500; from Roxbury, \$139.17; from Medford, \$63; from Watertown, \$58; from West Cambridge, \$45.26. It began to look as if women might succeed where the all-male Monument Association had failed.

But in the 19th century, as in the 20th, there was disparagement of

women's progress even from those of their own sex. Mrs. Hale's editorial rival in Boston, the blue-stocking Katherine Ware who each Saturday brought out a literary potpourri called *Bower of Taste*, wrote acidly: "... The proper sphere of woman is where she may exert her *influence* with *propriety*. This she can *never* do, when she encroaches upon the *prerog-*

atives of a man . . . "

The obvious answer to this was a look at the rusted tracks of the quarry railroad. The ladies went on collecting, and the monument went up a stone or two, but it remained in truth "The tardy pile, slow rising there," of which the poetaster Charles Sprague had sung.

In 1837, Louis Godey combined his mediocre magazine, published in Philadelphia, with Mrs. Hale's periodical, retaining her, still in Boston, as literary editor. With the addition of fashion plates, embroidery designs and architectural plans for baroque cottages, the *Lady's Book* began its whooping 40 years under her direction.

The monument again became news in 1839 when Amos Lawrence of Boston and Judah Truro of New Orleans each offered \$10,000 toward its completion if another \$35,000 could be raised. The impossible offer was received with deepest gloom at the Monument Association, but again Sarah Hale took up the challenge. She suggested a ladies' fair on a scale such as New England had never known. The Monument Association consented with pathetic alacrity.

Undoubtedly more tea was brewed in the following months than ever before in New England as ladies' circles gathered to turn out knickknacks and gimcracks for the fair. Pig-tailed girls stuffed pincushions; pantaletted sylphs embroidered doilies, and many an old body once more found herself important as she knitted mittens and



nightcaps for the monument.

Sarah Hale managed the publicity adroitly: A story in the *New York Signal*, praying that the daughters of the Empire State might not be unrepresented in the patriotic effort, brought \$600 from the ladies of Brooklyn. The Boston Athenaeum gave two days' receipts from a sculpture exhibit. A "Gentleman of Boston" dented his roll for \$200.

As opening day drew near, preparations for another event were being made in Boston: Simultaneously with the fair, 35,000 Whigs would gather in a gigantic pre-election rally to whip up support for their presidential nominee, William Henry Harrison — old "Tippecanoe" himself. And Tyler, too.

The fair opened on September 9, 1840, in Quincy Hall, which was 382 feet long, divided into five halls, and crowded with booths and tables. A diorama of Charlestown showed the shaft as it would look when finished. A piano donated by Chickering's sold for \$400. Visitors could sign an engraved certificate testifying that they had paid \$1 toward the cause; a blushing maiden tied it up with a blushing pink ribbon. A replica of the monument was purchased for \$200 by the Whigs of Louisiana. One side-show told fortunes; another was billed as "The Gentleman's Honor," price 10 cents; those who explored it maintained an impenetrable silence, doubtless in chagrin at having been charmingly conned. Festoons were every-



where, and a refreshment saloon offered a soda fountain. A rotary press turned out copies of a daily newspaper, *The Monument*, edited by Sarah J. Hale.

And, of course, there were hill-ocks of merchandise, useful and otherwise, for sale: girls' frocks, boys' trousers, socks for gentlemen, scarves for ladies, as well as silk purses, dickies, wash-leather spectacle-wipers, rugs, smoking caps, slippers and a paradise of rag dolls.

On the second day of the fair, the Whigs staged a monster demonstration. At 7 o'clock in the evening they gathered at Faneuil Hall and proceeded to the site of the famous battle.

The locals — 1,500 strong — led off on white horses. Then came the Old Essex crowd forming a phalanx around the Great Shoe from Lynn, drawn by six white horses. There followed the Whigs of 19 states, with pennants. Triumphal arches spanned the route; fair ladies leaned from balconies, and everywhere floated the Stars and Stripes, evergreen boughs, martial music and huzzas.

On the familiar knoll, Daniel Webster once again thrust his hand into his waistcoat, bulged his chest and sent out his verbal blasts over an ocean of Whiggery, while, behind him, the jagged base of the monument betrayed his oratory.

All week the ladies plied their wares and wiles, and the hillocks of handwork melted down. *The Monument* drummed up customers for tables whose sales were lagging, and

printed sweet doggerel. Assailed in print for bringing the male population into disgrace with the fair's success, Mrs. Hale serenely drew on the Bible, citing from Leviticus how women helped to build the tabernacle.

The fair raised the money, and the money, on July 23, 1842, raised the last stone to the apex of the monument. A cannon followed it by rope and pulley to the top, and fired a salute. Is it necessary to add that when, on June 17, 1843, the words of dedication were to be uttered, it was once more Daniel Webster who climbed the sacred eminence? *Godey's* reported poetically:

*. . . he of giant thought once
more*

*In majesty arose
To flood the mount of glory
o'er*

*A tide of eloquence to pour
From its own calm repose.*

But even "he of giant thought" did not foresee the greatest impact of the monument campaign. The fair was one of many events of the tightly laced and corseted 1840s in which rebellion — or at least a prelude to it — was showing its feminine head. Quite apart from the militant suffragettes of their day, ordinary women were discovering that, without overstepping their roles of dutiful wives and devoted mothers, they had the power to get things done in the world. It was a first step toward emancipation.

Bunker Hill Monument is a tribute to this heady discovery, as well as a memorial to the heroes of 1775. □

THUNDERBIRD

The prestige car with a choice in luxury styles

by Cara L. Kazanowski



Thunderbird Town Landau in Midnight Blue Metallic



THUNDERBIRD FOR 1979 offers those looking for a personal luxury car a wide selection of choices: three models — standard, Town Landau and the prestigious new Heritage as well as a long list of options, including the Sports Decor Group, T-Roof and Power Moonroof.

No matter what your choice, all Thunderbirds offer a bold new grille and new separated horizontal tail-lamp design. Also debuting in 1979 are a standard front flight bench seat with fold-down center armrest and a number of functional changes and new colors: nine for exteriors, five for vinyl roofs and two for interiors.

Thunderbird's already long option list is increased this year by the AM/FM stereo radio with cassette player, bringing to nine the number of standard and optional sound systems available on the car. Also new is the optional 27.5-gallon fuel tank for extended driving range (standard on

Heritage and Town Landau).

Thunderbird's new-for-1979 functional features are modified door and ignition locks to improve theft protection, all-electronic voltage regulator with no moving parts to wear out and carburetor refinements to the standard 5.0-litre (302-CID) engine for improved driveability.

Few opportunities for luxury are lost in the new Heritage, the most fully equipped Thunderbird model ever. Available in two monochromatic color schemes — Maroon or Light Medium Blue — exclusive to this model, it has special trim lines which balance its formal padded vinyl roof.

Among Heritage's many custom touches are:

- Color-keyed grille, bumper guards, rub strips, wide vinyl insert bodyside moldings and cast aluminum wheels
- Leather-wrapped luxury steering wheel



Extra luxury in Thunderbird Heritage with Maroon vinyl roof



T-Roof Convertible

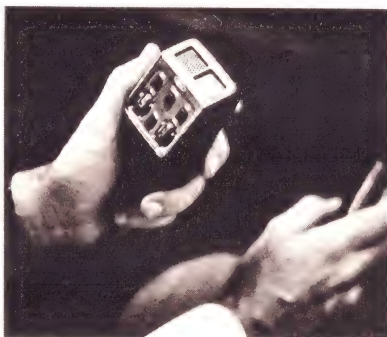
- 22K gold-finish nameplate above glovebox
- Door plaques with customer's initials
- Hand-stitched, leather-covered instrument panel pad
- Unique tri-band bodyside tape stripes
- Color-keyed 18-ounce trunk carpeting and molded decklid liner
- Opulent 36-ounce cut-pile carpeting

Town Landau is easily identified by its tiara-band roof with brushed aluminum wrapover appliqué, stylized script on the opera window and color-coordinated hood ornament. Standard on the interior are six-way power driver's seat, power windows and door locks, AM/FM stereo-search radio and the Interior Luxury Group with velour split-bench seats, 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, high-gloss woodtone appliqué, day-date clock and more.

The Sports Decor Group gives

Thunderbird a bold, individual look desired by many in a personal luxury car. Now offered in the new Burnt Orange Glow as well as in six other colors, the Sports Decor Group sets off your main color selection with these Chamois accents: vinyl roof, deck lid straps, paint stripes, bodyside moldings and styled road wheels.

Any 1979 Thunderbird may be equipped with the optional T-Roof Convertible, with its oven-tempered tinted safety glass panels which are easily and quickly lifted out. You also can let in the sun, stars and fresh air with the optional Power Moonroof, featuring privacy screen and one-way tinted glass in several colors. □



40-channel citizen's band radio

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

*Of Time
and the Mountain*



***Kearsarge: "We talk
to it, call it Old Blue,
call it Mountain—
welcome it back when
we have been away"***

by Donald Hall



I LOOK OUT THE WINDOW of this New Hampshire farmhouse to gaze at Mount Kearsarge, standing tall and aloof, steep sides and narrow flat top, five miles to the south. In late fall it is stark and cold, bare curves accumulating pallor toward the summit. In winter it displays the glory of its whiteness, against which stand the green of its firs and the harsh gray of oak trunks. When spring comes, it softens overnight into pale green softness, and birches emerge white from the melt of snow. In summer it lords over the green morning, rising like some massive deity over the lush hayfields around it. Then, late in August, sumac on its lower slopes begins the flame of August, and red fire of sugar maple bursts out at random places among the yellow smoulder of birch and the perpetual green pine.

The mountain tells the weather

Kearsarge tells the weather. My grandmother was born in this house. For most of her 97 years she stood at the kitchen window early in the morning, beside her rocker under the canary — in its many female bodies always called Christopher — braiding her long hair and looking out at Kearsarge. "Mountain's real pretty today," she would say to my grandfather, bringing sticks from the stove, or "Can't see the mountain too good today." When clouds moved north or east to cover Kearsarge's slopes, you knew the cut hay would be wet in the summer morning; in early winter you saw the snow over Kearsarge before

the first flakes fell into the brown hayfields and over the stalks of the kitchen garden.

My great-grandfather moved to this farm in 1865. He was 39 years old, an enterprising farmer with two daughters and a son. My grandmother would not be born for another 12 years. B. C. Keneston, he called himself — Benjamin and Cilley were the two first names. I loved to be told when I was little that I had Cilley blood in me. He had been farming since his early manhood on Ragged Mountain at a hill farm where the frosts held back so the growing season was weeks longer than it was in the valley. But the railroad drove through the valley, and with it came the possibility of shipping milk to Manchester or Boston. In the valley the fields were flat, and you could grow hay for cows in winter, and raise field corn for silage. By Eagle Pond the water held back the frost — and Benjamin could look out at Kearsarge from his captain's chair on the porch.

I never knew him. He died at 88, 15 years before I was born. But I knew his children, and his face smiles at me — with a downturned, skeptical, witty mouth — from an oval frame in the sitting room, the portrait taken by a photographer named Lyman Currier in Andover at the turn of the century. I know him as well as I know the living. He loved Kearsarge, and looked to it each morning as his daughter did, and as his granddaughters did and as his great-grandson does, who lives as current tenant of

the house by Eagle Pond.

There are many hills here for looking at. We sit on the side of Ragged Mountain, which is eight miles long and almost as tall as Kearsarge. Eagle's Rest is northwest of us. Kearsarge has a presence denied to the other hills. Farms and little towns surround Kearsarge on all sides — New London west of it, Warner south. All of us, wherever we stand to look, look out on Kearsarge, the colors shifting each day by sun's light and season, its red beacon at night witnessing to invisible granite. All of us speak of Kearsarge, claiming the best sight of it; none of us boasts of another hill.

Primitive people, when they looked for the house of gods, looked to mountains. There's no question where the god lives, if the god lives among us here. If we go to Boston for the day — or to Cape Cod, or to California — when we return, Kearsarge is the first of home we see. We talk to it, call it Old Blue, call it Mountain — welcome *it* back when *we* have been away.

When the Iroquois returned to their winter grounds from summer hunting up north, I know what told them they were coming home. Kearsarge is much older than the Indians, who arrived in New Hampshire only about 10,000 years ago. The Appalachian range buckled through earth's crust maybe a billion years ago. At the warm seashore, only our ancestor amoebas split in the salt pools. Then the glaciers came, thudding their great hoods of ice over hill and valley, topping Kearsarge like a cowflop,

crumbling its ledges and smoothing it out. They froze their way south, then melted north, then froze back again. When the glacier receded one time, wild flowers grew on Kearsarge. Another time, small deer grazed on the tender leaves of saplings. Then Indians came, living on Sunape's shore, and called this blue hill "Cu-Sa-Gee," as someone spelled it in 1739, "Ky-sa-Gee" in 1755. I don't know when it became Kearsarge, but I recognize those extra New England r's. When people from New Hampshire travel cross-country, they pass the state of Nervardar.

Kearsarge has a permanency

The Iroquois have dispersed and died. Kearsarge stays put. It has stayed put while all of us have come and gone — mice, reindeer and people. It will remain here — towering, diminished, enduring — when I am gone, when my children and my grandchildren are gone; it will remain here when people have vanished from the earth.

Time seems to elongate as I watch the old mountain. I gaze into fir and granite four generations of family eyes have gazed at. Sitting on the porch in my great-grandfather's captain's chair, I feel as if our eyes spun braided ribbons of sight that reach from this farm to the slopes five miles away, invisible strands holding generations together, the living and dead and unborn braided together — permanent mountain attached to disappearing flesh. □



Fairmont two-door sedan with ES Option



Futura Special Value Edition

FAIRMONT

**Best-selling new car ever
introduced in America**

by Kirsten Benson



Fairmont four-door sedan Special Value Edition

IT'S EASY to see why Ford Fairmont is the best-selling new car ever introduced by a domestic manufacturer.

Walter S. Walla, Ford Motor Company vice president and Ford Division general manager, attributes Fairmont's first-year sales of more than 422,000 to "the car's clean, crisp design and its winning combination of good fuel economy, roominess and compact price.

"The car has ample room for five adults, and is an exceptional value.

"Fairmont's wide selection of models, standard features and options also plays a major role in its success. From the two- and four-door sedans to spacious station wagons and the sporty coupe, Futura, there is a model for almost all driving needs."

On top of all of these attributes, Fairmont with the standard 2.3-litre four-cylinder engine with standard four-speed manual floor shift has an EPA mpg estimate of 20. Compare this estimate to the estimated mpg of other cars. (The California mpg estimate is lower.) You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length.

The coil-strut front suspension, four-bar link-and-coil rear suspension, front disc brakes and rack-and-pinion steering contribute to Fairmont's ride and maneuverability.

For 1979, Fairmont adds to its wide appeal with several significant power train changes, more convenience options and new trim and color selections.

A new four-speed overdrive manual transmission replaces the three-speed manual as standard equipment with the optional 3.3-litre (200-CID) six cylinder engine and as a new addition to the 5.0-litre (302-CID) V-8 engine.

Customers now have more big-car options to choose — tilt-wheel steering, speed control, remote-control decklid release, performance instrumentation, styled steel wheels with trim rings, Futura Sport Group, and Premium Sound System for improved performance from any of Fairmont's four stereo radio choices.

Fairmont buyers also have more trim and color alternatives this year to personalize their cars, including distinctive Tu-Tone paint treatment on two- and four-door sedans similar to that offered on Futura, seven new exterior and four new vinyl-roof colors, two new optional cloth seat trims and new standard dark walnut woodtone appliqué on the instrument cluster.

The variety of optional appearance groups for both interiors and exteriors now includes the newest Fairmont package — the Ghia — which gives luxury car elegance and comfort for sedans, and Futura with flight bench front seat with fold-down center armrest, deluxe Shannon cloth trim, 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, four-spoke deluxe steering wheel, day/night inside mirror, right-side visor vanity mirror, cigarette lighter, rear-seat ash trays, glove box lock, luggage compartment trim, and more.

Ghia's exterior finishing touches

include black vinyl-insert bodyside and integral upper wheelip moldings, body accent tape stripes, bright left- and right-hand mirrors, deluxe wheel covers, bright belt moldings and window frames, hood ornament, and "Ghia" badge on the rear decklid. (All these items, except the "Ghia" badge and dual mirrors, are standard on Futura.)

The ES Option adds European-type handling and accents via stiffer shocks, front springs, larger diameter front stabilizer bar, rear stabilizer bar and handling suspension system with 5½-inch wire wheels, as well as new Accent-level cloth trim, turbine wheel covers and blacked-out treatment to grille, cowl panel and other exterior sections.

The new-for-1979 Futura Sport Group adds youthful zest to an al-

ready sporty-looking car with such features as a charcoal/argent grille insert, smooth hood with no ornamentation, wide-band tape stripes in one of six colors and color-keyed turbine wheel covers.

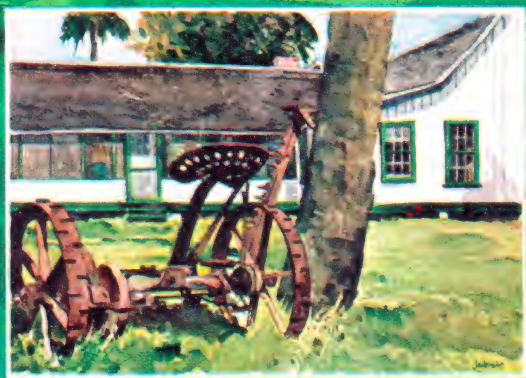
Although Fairmont sedans and Futura have good-sized trunks, those who want the size and versatility of a station wagon have two choices: the Fairmont Wagon and Fairmont Squire, both five-passenger, four-door models. They have 79.1 cubic feet of cargo space with the easy folding rear seat down — all clear space, too, because the spare tire is stowed out of the way below the load floor. Standard equipment on these wagons, in addition to what is offered on the base sedan, includes cargo area light and carpeting, steel-belted radial tires, and more. □

BUY A SPECIAL VALUE EDITION AND SAVE MORE THAN \$220

Thanks to the 1979 Special Value Edition Sale going on now at your Ford dealer's, you can save more than \$220 on Special Value Editions of Fairmont sedans and Futura, equipped with the 2.3-litre engine only. When you select one of these packages, the sticker price is less than if you ordered the items individually. Fairmont sedans' Special Value Editions feature vinyl roof, Exterior Decor Group, Interior Accent Group and Tu-Tone paint at a savings of \$222. Special Value Editions of Futura include a half vinyl roof, wide bodyside moldings, wire wheel covers, Deluxe Bumper Group and flip-up sun-roof with a suggested retail price discounted by \$238.



Journey to Cross Creek

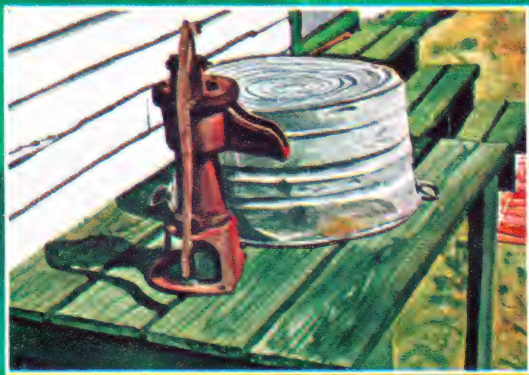




Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, the Pulitzer prize-winning author, focused attention on this unusual part of Florida. Now it's a state park

by William Mitchell Quinn

illustrations by James McCauley





MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS was 43 years old in 1939, when her beloved novel *The Yearling* won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction and great popularity throughout the world.

Mrs. Rawlings's novel about the joys and sorrows of an adolescent boy, Jody Baxter, in rural Florida brought her great success. Universities bestowed honorary degrees upon her, and a highly popular film based on her book was released in 1946. Yet, Mrs. Rawlings took her success soberly. "Good writing," she said, "is harder than bricklaying."

Mrs. Rawlings's next book, *Cross Creek* (1942), was a best-seller, too. But *Cross Creek* wasn't fiction. It described in stunning prose the area of northcentral Florida that this Washington, D.C., native made her home from 1928 to 1941. The writer's love for the land and the country folk she came to know so well was the driving force of *Cross Creek*.

Cross Creek is the name Mrs. Rawlings gave her home, after the creek flowing through the orange groves and woods on her land. When the author died suddenly in 1953, at the age of 57, it was learned that she had willed Cross Creek to the University of Florida at Gainesville. In January 1971, her home and its 125 acres at Cross Creek, Florida, were joined to the Florida State Park System, and

the home was restored.

The approach to her farmhouse on Cross Creek — even by turnpike — is one of the most beautiful drives in the state. You cannot help thinking of *The Yearling* as you pass groves, ripe with oranges as far as the eye can see. You discover red clay in the great banks along the roadside and wonder if you are truly in Florida at all.

This terrain — jade green trees, cooling expanses of emerald grass and brilliant blue sky — is not typical of most of the Floridian landscape. At McIntosh, on Interstate 75, the Big Scrub (about 30 miles from Cross Creek and part of the Ocala National Forest) of her novels comes to life. Jungles of ancient oaks with tiaras of Spanish moss struggle to equal the height of fat spruce pines. Orange Lake spills into surrounding marshes, and dense palm thatches abound in the black damp earth. From these palms, which the local folk call "swamp cabbage," comes the food called "heart of palms."

This "enchanted land," as Mrs. Rawlings called it, blossoms with jasmine, honeysuckle, sparkleberry and holly in magnificent profusion. The beautiful but poisonous oleander and graceful hibiscus are marvels of color, and give testimony to Mrs. Rawlings's poetic descriptions of the region.

The wildlife Mrs. Rawlings described is here still, primed to elude all but the best hunters. You look eagerly for the sign of a yearling deer like the one that Jody took as his unusual wide-eyed pet.

Cross Creek, as the author said, "is a bend in a country road." Just make sure you take the right bend, for there are many bends in many country roads in and around the creek. The Micanopy Exit off Interstate 75 takes you around the great semicircle of Orange Lake along Old Florida Road 346. State signs indicate the site of the Rawlings Home. Taking a sharp right turn on Old Florida Road 325, you drive deeper into the higher, fertile land known as the hammock, and the Rawlings Home appears a short distance from the paved road.

The rambling clapboard farmhouse remains much as the author left it. One-storied, the frame building wanders picturesquely at three different angles. The house is white, its porches and eaves bright green. Its shingle roof gives it an air of antiquity beneath the hot sun. In this section of Florida the heat is most intense.

The interior of the home is unbelievably simple. Much of her original antique furnishings remain, including the red velvet sleepy hollow chair. Four small but durable fireplaces throughout the house tell eloquently in hot weather that when Cross Creek is cold in January, "it be's cold."

From reading *Cross Creek* you recognize the huge syrup kettle she had sunk into the ground, a pool for her mallard ducks. Now a manicured lawn, where in her day it was fine dark Florida sand, the back yard also features the water pump of which she wrote, and a rusting farm machine used for tending crops of collard

greens, corn and okra — still grown in a backyard garden.

An old woman with a broad smile directs you to nearby Antioch Cemetery, where Mrs. Rawlings was buried. The woman has one upper and one lower tooth. She knows why you want directions to the desolate burying ground.

"You taken this road clear around the right," she begins. "Then you sees a wide dirt road and you foller hit a mile or so. Then you hit the fust cow kitch."

If city bred, you wonder what a cow catch might be. It is simply a wide ditch over which iron pipes are stretched to discourage cattle from grazing or crossing.

"You keep a-goin' apiece, and you passes a fork in the road, but you musen turn till you hit the nixt cow kitch. Then you go right and straight ways down, till you sees the sign. Hit no biggerin' that." She indicates letters an inch high. "That be's Antioch Cemetery."

The graveyard is small and forlorn. There are stones that tell the life span of several of the people in the book. Almost in the middle of the plot of ground, you come upon the granite slab put up by Mrs. Rawlings's second husband, a Florida hotel man. It reads:

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

1896 - 1953

wife of

Norton Baskin

*"Through her writings she
endeared herself
to the people of the world." □*



Popcorn's Come a Long Way Since Columbus

by Nancy Kennedy

photos by Leonard P. Johnson

HOT dogs and apple pie are just off the boat when it comes to the real native, all-American food — popcorn. It was a favorite in both North and South America before the other two came through immigration. According to one of the world's leading botanists and specialists in corn research, Dr. Paul Mangelsdorf of Harvard University, "There is no doubt that the original corn — wild corn and early cultivated corn — was popcorn, and it is quite probable that the first use which man made of corn was by popping."

Archeological research indicates that long before Columbus, popcorn had spread to all Indian tribes in both Americas. The oldest ears of popcorn were found in the Bat Cave in New

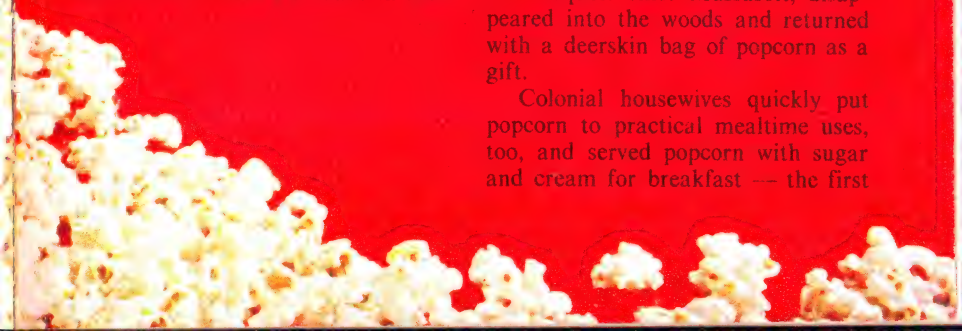
Mexico. They have now been identified by radio-carbon tests to be about 5,600 years old.

Columbus discovered the natives in the West Indies selling popcorn decorations like corsages. When Cortez invaded Mexico, he found popcorn was an important food for the Aztec Indians.

About 1612, early French explorers of the Great Lakes region found the Iroquois Indians popping popcorn in pottery vessels set into heated sand, and using it in many ways including popcorn soup.

The English colonists were introduced to popcorn at the first Thanksgiving feast at Plymouth, Massachusetts, when Quadequina, brother of the Iroquois chief Massasoit, disappeared into the woods and returned with a deerskin bag of popcorn as a gift.

Colonial housewives quickly put popcorn to practical mealtime uses, too, and served popcorn with sugar and cream for breakfast — the first



"puffed" breakfast cereal eaten by the settler.

Popcorn has continued to be a vital part of the American food scene right up to the present time — and 1978 was one of its best years, according to the Popcorn Institute, in Chicago. Last year Americans consumed over $7\frac{1}{4}$ billion quarts of popped corn, or 33 quarts per man, woman and child — a 12 per cent increase from the previous year.

Another sign of the popularity of this oldest American snack is the booming sales of all kinds of popcorn makers from the simple over-the-open-fire kind to the sophisticated microwave units and the army of electrically operated ones. They've come a long way from the Indian clay pot in hot sand.

According to William Smith, director of the Popcorn Institute, the increased popularity of popcorn can be attributed to enlightened buyers concerned with a snack food that is delicious and economical as well as nutritious. Popcorn contains more food energy than 96 per cent of all edible foods and provides more protein when ripe than any other cereal grain.

Mr. Smith has loads of advice for popping corn at home — where 70 per cent of U.S.-produced popcorn is consumed. Even the best popper in the world will not produce great popcorn if certain guidelines aren't followed. To insure perfect popping:

1. Be sure to follow the manufacturer's directions carefully for electric corn poppers. If you misplace the di-

rections to your popper and you know its capacity, however, you can use this general measurement: Add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup popcorn to 3 tablespoons oil for 3-quart poppers. For 4-quart poppers, increase popcorn measure to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup and use 4 tablespoons oil.

2. Use cooking oil or specially designated popcorn oil for popping corn. Butter is unsuitable because it will smoke or burn at temperatures necessary for good popping.

3. After adding oil and popcorn to popper, make sure all kernels are in contact with the oil. A little shake before you start popping will do the trick. (This does not apply to microwave and hot air poppers which require no oil.)

4. If you wish to pop corn on top of the stove instead of in a popper, follow these easy steps. Put $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil into a heavy skillet. Pour in enough kernels to cover the bottom of the pan. Cover and shake gently over heat.

5. If your popcorn does not pop into fluffy, crisp kernels, it may have lost some of its important moisture. To recondition popcorn, fill a 1-quart jar about $\frac{3}{4}$ full with popcorn and add 1 tablespoon of water. Cover and shake frequently about every five or 10 minutes, until all the water is absorbed. In two to four days it should be ready for perfect popping.

The Popcorn Institute also tests corn poppers and suggests that buyers check for its seal of approval that the popper performed acceptably when tested under home-handling conditions. Some general safety factors to

Some of the the more popular corn poppers on the market include, top, the continuous flow Presto "Popcorn Now" which requires no oil and just keeps popping corn with hot air until turned off; there is also a butter well on the top which adds melted butter to the corn, if desired. In the center is

the Sunbeam "Great American Popcorn Machine" which is a miniature version of a turn-of-the century popcorn wagon. It pops four quarts on a Teflon surface, and the clear-view top flips over to double as a serving bowl. At the bottom, the Amana Radarange corn popper is filled to a marked level with popcorn (no oil needed). Once the kernels are in the microwave oven at the proper temperature setting, it produces light, fluffy popped corn in the twinkling of an eye — about two minutes. Another popular new machine (not shown) is the domed West Bend "Stir Crazy" which has an automatic stirring rod to stir the corn kernels during the popping process. It makes a bountiful six quarts; the cover doubles as a bowl and it has a self-buttering device.



check are UL approval for both cord and unit, heat-resistant handles, securely fitting cover and no sharp edges. If children will be operating the popper, check for the easy-to-follow instructions and make sure popper is not too heavy for a child to maneuver. Also, as a general rule, poppers with a higher wattage produce fluffier popcorn and a better volume.

And then there are the favorite recipes. Some popcorn aficionados wouldn't eat popcorn any way except lightly salted and drizzled with golden, melted butter. But a growing group of fans find it equally delicious dressed up with sweet or savory flavorings. Here are a few recipes to try:

POPCORN GLAZES

To mold popcorn balls or make table decorations, use either of these glazes. Each recipe will coat 2 quarts of popped corn — unsalted, of course.

LIGHT POPCORN GLAZE

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup butter

Cook to 250° (hard ball stage). Pour over popcorn and mix thoroughly. The above recipe may be used in an infinite variety of combinations: with food coloring and food flavoring (lemon, maple, cinnamon, wintergreen, etc.), with nuts and candy, chocolate squares, fruit — all added after the syrup is cooked.

DARK POPCORN GLAZE

- ¾ cup molasses
- 1½ cups light brown sugar (or ¾ each white and dark brown sugar)
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- ½ cup butter
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cook ingredients to 260° (soft crack stage), stirring frequently. Pour over popped corn and mix thoroughly. The coated popcorn may also be molded into shells (pie-shaped, basket-shaped; small or large) to hold ice cream, canned fruit pie fillings, candies and other treats.

BACON AND CHEESE POPCORN

- 1 pound of bacon, room temperature
- ¼ cup butter
- 3 quarts freshly popped, unsalted popcorn
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Separate bacon slices and place in single layer on a wire rack set over heavy foil (with turned up edges) or over very shallow pan. Bake in 400° oven until brown and crisp — about 10 minutes. Place bacon on paper towels to drain. Break bacon slices into pieces. Melt butter and gently mix with freshly popped corn. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and mix. Add bacon and toss to distribute. Serve immediately.

HEALTH NUT POPCORN

- 2 quarts popped popcorn
- 1 cup cocktail peanuts
- 1 cup wheat germ
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- ⅓ cup honey
- ⅓ cup water
- ½ teaspoon salt

Toss together the popcorn, peanuts, wheat germ and raisins. Set aside in a buttered bowl. Melt butter in a saucepan. Stir in sugar, honey, water and salt. Cook over medium heat stirring constantly, until mixture is dissolved and begins to boil. Continue cooking until mixture reaches 250° on a candy thermometer or hard ball stage. Pour slowly over popcorn-peanut mixture. Stir to coat. Spread into two buttered 15½ x 10½ x 1-inch baking pans. Bake in a preheated 250° oven 45 minutes, stirring every 10-15 minutes. Makes about 10 cups. □

Good Old Reliable Robert

You could count on him
to bring home the bacon,
and the ham, and the goose, and the ...

by Harriet Agnew Moir

illustrations by John Killmaster

ROBERT!" It was Mother's voice, exasperated. "Doggone it all, what have you dragged home now!"

The back door slammed and I knew Mother was on her way, broom in hand, to deal with the culprit. Robert had done it again, I thought to myself. Good old reliable Robert.

I can't recall, now, why we named him Robert. Of course, that was his *formal* name. We children always called him Bob, but Mother found that yelling "ROBERT!" was much more effective when he had to be scolded.

Dad was a country doctor — the kind who made house calls and who often was summoned from his warm bed in the middle of the night to drive miles out into the country to deliver a baby or tend to a stomach ache.

Money was almost nonexistent, so Dad took his payment from patients in eggs, a chicken or a load of wood. One of his more frequent clients was a man who had eight children. The man offered to pay part of his bill by building a house for Bob. When it was delivered, on the back of his old beat-up truck, it was a sight to behold. The roof was made of shingles and the walls were painted barn red. There was even a swinging door! Bob was housed in style.

My four brothers, my sister and I walked the mile to school and back each morning and afternoon. Everyone except the "country kids" went home for the noon meal. Every morning at 8:15, Bob accompanied us to the grade school and then escorted our older brothers across the road to the

high school. After seeing us safely inside the buildings, he returned home to wait until 11:30, when he set out for school to "bring" us all home. The trip was repeated after lunch, or "dinner," as we called it. When the dismissal bell rang at 3:30, Bob was there to walk home with us. He never missed a day. People in town said that he was so reliable, they could set their clocks by him.

I guess Bob had lived with us for a couple of months when he came home one day with a saucepan. He was holding the handle in his mouth very carefully, and when he set it down on

the front porch, Mother happened to be coming through the door. He wagged his tail and looked up at her as if he were waiting for praise. The pan held a quantity of cooked oatmeal, one of the staple breakfasts in our little village. Mother did not praise him, however; she scolded him and called him ROBERT, and he slunk off with his tail between his legs. Mother looked around quickly to see if any of the neighbors might be coming to our house on the warpath, but no one appeared. There was no way for her to tell whose pan it was, so she merely took it into the house and set it



on the pantry shelf until she could find out who was missing a saucepan. (Bob got the oatmeal for supper — no use wasting it.)

A few days later Bob dragged home another pan. This time it held the remains of some johnnycake which had evidently cooked too long. He got that for dinner, too.

It wasn't long before he was bringing home a pan or dish every day or so. He never gave up — he always set his booty down at Mother's feet and looked up at her in anticipation of praise, but he was always scolded for his efforts.

He brought home the bacon

One morning we children heard Mother giving Bob what-for. He had dragged home a side of bacon. Our mouths watered, for it was a long time since we had tasted bacon. There were tooth marks from Bob's mouth, but it wasn't really harmed. Only one family on our street had a smokehouse and cured their own hams and bacon, so Mother put on her hat and coat and took the meat back to them, with embarrassed apologies for THAT DOG. Robert was scolded and told in no uncertain terms that bringing home the bacon was Dad's job, not *his*.

Scolding really didn't do any good, though. A month later, Bob came home with a beautiful ham. The Depression being what it was, that ham was awfully tempting. But Mother was a good Methodist, and back went the ham to its proper owner.

I guess the last straw for Mother



was the day Bob lugged home a nice fat goose. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Bob had evidently gone onto someone's side porch where the goose had been placed after it was dressed. The bird wasn't damaged; Bob was always very careful with the meat he brought home.

"You and Marion must go to each house within two blocks of us," Mother decreed, "and ask if they have lost a goose."

Talk about dragging your feet — that was one job we were most reluctant to undertake! Oddly enough, no one was missing a goose, so our family had a fine Thanksgiving dinner and Bob had his share. We never did find out who lost their main course.

Well, at that point Mother laid down the law. She called a family council.

"SOMETHING has got to be done!" she declared. "This has become a major problem!"

Problem — that was the answer! A radio station we frequently listened to had a half-hour program called *What's Your Problem?* All you had to do was to send in your problem in 100 words or less. The musician couple who hosted the program (he sang and she played the piano) would rhyme one problem each day and set it to music. They would sing it and then make up an answer, also in verse, and would sing the solution at the end of the program.

Mother wrote a letter

Mother wrote a letter to the radio station. She told them the story of Robert bringing home the bacon, the ham, the goose, and the other things. She asked them to tell us how to curb his Robin Hood tendency.

We listened with hope each day. At last, Mother's letter was read. Then the host sang her question, in rhyme, to his wife's piano accompaniment. That is, he attempted to sing it. But midway through the song, he began to chuckle, and then to laugh — and he laughed so hard that he couldn't finish the song! Finally he stopped altogether and announced that he couldn't begin to solve a problem like this, that we should be *proud* to have a dog who wanted to contribute to the family's larder.

We still didn't know what to do. Mother decided that we must tie Bob up. In those days, there was no such thing as a leash law, and dogs roamed at will.

This turned out to be a punishment for everyone. Each morning we had to tie Bob to the clothesline. He wasn't allowed to accompany us to school. He couldn't go along on the paper route. He wasn't even permitted to go to church with us — and he had always lain in the vestibule to wait till the service was over.

For a solid week a dejected Bob was tied up, and a more mournful group of children you never saw. I guess our long faces got to Mother, for eventually she relented and decided she would try letting him loose. But she stated, in no uncertain terms, that if he brought home any more "good" food, he would have to go.

We set him free from his clothesline prison, and once again he walked with us to school, around the paper route and to church. The townsfolk could again set their clocks by him. He was our shadow.

Oh, occasionally a pan or dish would appear on the front lawn, but we children always seemed to spy it before Mother did, and you can be sure we got rid of it in a hurry. We didn't hear her scolding Robert any more for bringing home food.

Bob lived to be 14 years old, and Mother seemed almost to forget that his name was really Robert. As we grew up and went off to college, he became her companion, accompany-

ing her to the post office and grocery store. If she stopped to call on a friend, he would lie on the door mat until she was ready to go home.

One winter evening he whined at the front door. This was most unusual, for he was an outdoor dog and always slept in his dog house.

He grinned gratefully

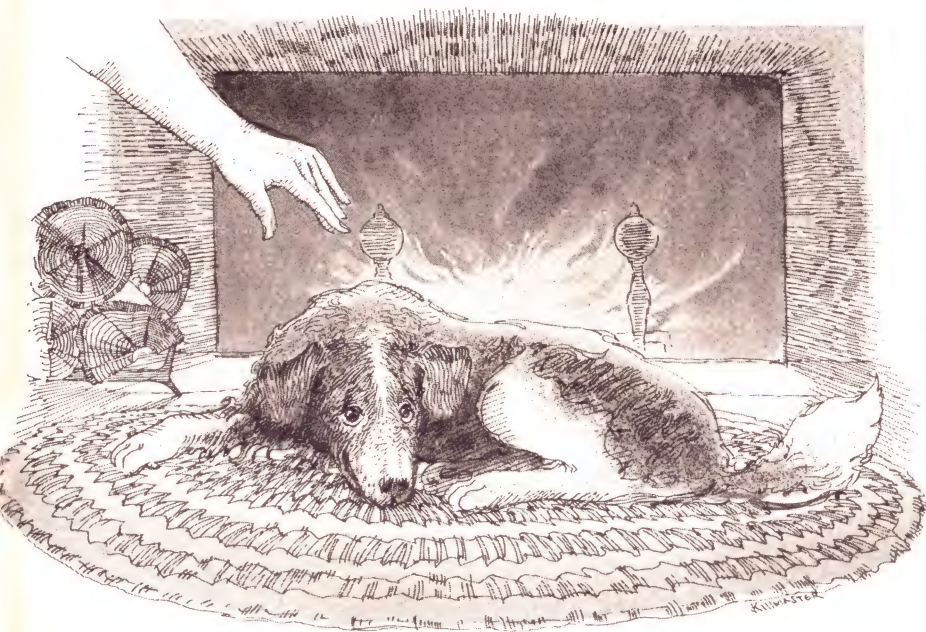
Mother let him in, and he lay down on the braided rug before the fireplace. When she stooped to pat his head at bedtime, he thumped his tail and grinned at her.

She found him there in the morn-

ing, with just the ghost of a grin upon his face. Sometime in the night he had slipped away to dog heaven.

Mother broke her hip one night when she fell after locking the front door at bedtime. She never recovered.

We children — all grown up and with families of our own — came together from all over the country. After the services we gathered in our old home — and we remembered Bob. Back in the pantry, on a shelf, sat an odd assortment of pans and dishes — a reminder of the time when a much loved member of our family was good old reliable Robert. □





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



LA PROVENCE

LACOMBE, LOUISIANA

Constantin Kerageorgiou, who was born in Provence, France, is the chef and proprietor of this delightful French country restaurant 40 miles north of New Orleans. It is on U.S. Highway 190, between Mandeville and Lacombe, about 10 miles from Interstate 12. Dinner is served Wednesday through Monday from 5 to 11 p.m. Sunday serving hours are 1 to 9 p.m. Closed Tuesday. Reservations necessary.

Poulet Fromage

- 3½ pound chicken, cut into pieces
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 teaspoons chopped shallots
- ½ cup dry vermouth
- ¾ cup whipping cream
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 2 tablespoons grated Swiss cheese
- 1 tablespoon crumbled blue cheese
- 1 tablespoon Dijon mustard

Sauté chicken in 2 tablespoons butter, *but do not brown*. Add chopped shallots and dry vermouth.

TRIANGLE RESTAURANT

RIVERVIEW, ALABAMA

This friendly restaurant is about 35 miles south of Calloway Gardens, Georgia, and is seven miles from I-85. Take the Fairfax Exit and proceed to end of road, turning right on State Highway 29. Turn left at State Highway 87 and proceed four miles to restaurant. Dinner is served every day except Sunday. Bert Sims is the owner.

Beef Kabob

Cook 2 cups of wild rice according to directions, set aside and keep warm. Broil a thick rib-eye

steak until liquid reduces slightly, add enough whipping cream to almost cover chicken. Season with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil. Put in oven and cover with aluminum foil. Bake in 475° oven for about 15 minutes. Remove chicken pieces, strain sauce and cook until it reduces. Whip in cheeses, additional tablespoon of butter and mustard. When sauce is smooth, pour over chicken and serve with rice pilaf. Serves 4.

Baked Oysters John Batiste Reboul

- 1 pint freshly shucked oysters
- 1½ pounds fresh mushrooms, chopped
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 4 cloves garlic, chopped fine
- 2 ounces shallots or white part of green onion, chopped fine
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 2 bay leaves
- Pinch of thyme
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 1 cup Hollandaise sauce

Sauté chopped mushrooms in butter; add chopped garlic and shallots. Add wine, bay leaves and seasonings. Cook sauce until reduced. Place fresh oysters in a buttered casserole and top with mushroom sauce and bake in 450° oven, about 7-8 minutes, until oysters are done. Cover with Hollandaise sauce and brown under broiler. Serves 6.

steak to desired degree. While steak is broiling, dice into medium-size pieces 1 tomato, ½ green pepper and ½ onion. Sauté vegetables in a skillet. When steak is done, cut into bite-size pieces and stir in with vegetables and cook for a couple of minutes. Spread cooked rice in a serving dish and top with meat and vegetable mixture. Serves 2.

Fried Eggplant

Cut a large eggplant into thin strips about ¼-inch thick. Soak overnight in kosher salt, lemon juice and cold water. Remove eggplant from marinade, rinse and dip in 1 cup of milk and then lightly coat with self-rising flour. Deep-fry pieces until golden brown. Serves 4.

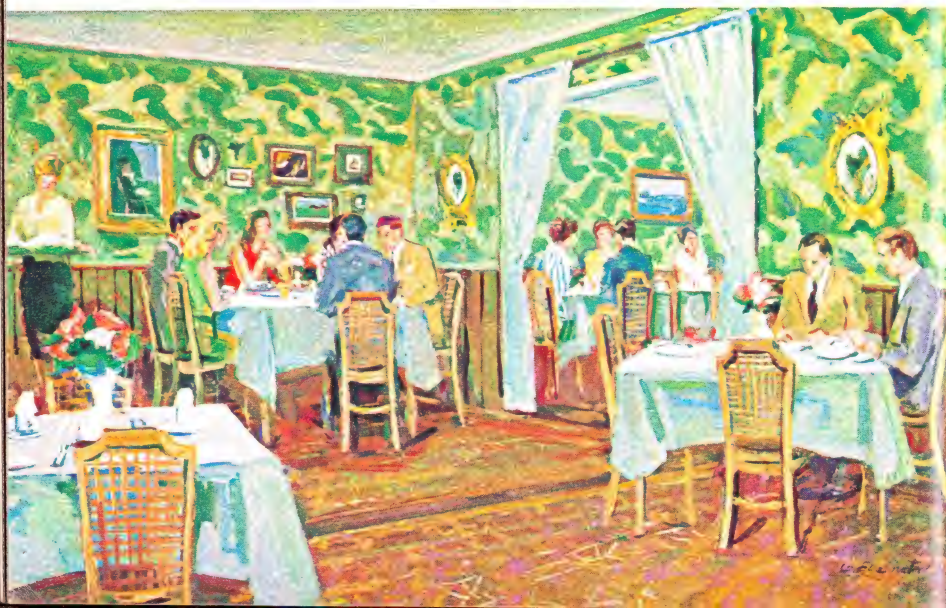


illustration by George C. Warner

COUNTRY INN UTICA, MICHIGAN

Paintings by local artists decorate the walls of this cheery restaurant housed in a historic old home in Utica, 13 miles northeast of Detroit. It is open every weekday for lunch and dinner; the only weekend meal, Sunday dinner, is served from 2 to 8 p.m. Reservations advisable. It is at 45199 Cass Avenue, a block north of Hall Road (State Highway 59). The owner-manager is Joseph V. Fratarcangeli.

Veal Parmesan

8 2-ounce veal cutlets

- 8 slices mozzarella cheese
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup oil
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rich tomato sauce
- 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Egg mixture: Beat together 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese and 1 clove crushed garlic.

Crumb mixture: Combine 2 cups bread crumbs with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 clove crushed garlic and 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Dip cutlets into egg mixture and then dredge in crumb mixture. Fry in skillet in 325° oil until golden brown. Place cutlets on oven-proof plates and cover each with a slice of cheese, then broil until cheese bubbles. Top with hot tomato sauce and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Serves 4.

CHRISTIAN'S DANISH INN LA MESA, CALIFORNIA

A different menu featuring one main course is offered each day in this restaurant. Baked goods made on the premises and fresh vegetables are specialties. Reservations only. Guests should plan on a minimum of two hours for dinner. Closed on Sunday and Monday. It is 10 miles east of San Diego at 8235 University Avenue in La Mesa. Take the Spring Street exit from I-8, then turn east on University; it's just around the corner. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hansen are the owners.

Danish Liver Pâté

- 1 medium onion
- 2 cloves garlic
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound fatty bacon
- 1 pound pork, lamb or calf's liver
- 3 large eggs
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, or to taste
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, or to taste
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg

- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup whipping cream

In a food processor fitted with a steel blade, combine onion, garlic and bacon until creamy and smooth. Put in a large mixing bowl. In the same unwashed processor bowl, purée the liver. Press the liver through a fine wire strainer into the bowl containing the bacon mixture. (This removes the tough membranes from the liver and saves time in trimming them.) Place all of the remaining ingredients into the bowl and blend thoroughly with an electric hand mixer. Pour into a pyrex loaf pan, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ -inches, that has been liberally coated inside with lard. Place 2 or 3 bay leaves on top of liver. Cover the loaf pan tightly with aluminum foil greased with lard. Place loaf pan in a larger oven pan filled with water to $\frac{2}{3}$ of the pâté pan. Bake in 325° oven for $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours or until the internal temperature is 160°. Remove pan from water, carefully taking off foil cover. Place a second loaf pan containing 3-4 pounds of weight on top of liver. Cool pâté while being pressed. When cool, slip pâté out of loaf pan, wrap in aluminum foil and refrigerate 3-4 hours. When firm, slice into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices.

illustration by Ben Eisenstat

My Friend, the Northern White Pine

by Jerome M. Cowle
illustrations by Vernon Nye

MOST BOYS HAVE A DOG for a friend. I had a tree.

The first time I came face-to-face with a northern white pine, I was not quite seven, and at my first overnight camp in the Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York. Every boy arriving seemed to know every other boy. Except me.

After I met my counselor and made my bunk, I wandered away from the semicircle of big khaki army tents. Here I was, miles and miles away from home, without a single friend. I flopped under a big tree, feeling sorry for myself.

But something about that tree made me feel better. I was sitting on a thick, springy bed of fragrant needles, dried to a warm tobacco brown. It felt so comfortable that I rolled backwards, and squinted up at the sky. The wind stirred the bushy-tailed branches, and they seemed to be waving to me. Their rustling was so soothing that I would have dozed off if I hadn't heard the bugle. I walked back

to the mess hall feeling much better.

The next day, the boys in our tent went on a nature study hike. We passed right by my tree, so I asked my counselor what kind it was. "Northern white pine," he said, bending down one of the lower branches. "See how the needles come in bunches of five? That's one way you can tell it."

From then on, the white pine was my constant companion. I soon discovered these trees were all over the camp grounds. A couple of years later, when I started going on overnight hikes, I always spread my bedroll under a white pine. As a mattress, a bed of white pine needles can't be equalled: thick and springy, with a piny fragrance.

That same afternoon, in handicraft class, I chose whittling and wood carving. The instructor gave me a rectangular block of soft light wood for my first project. "Now, take this piece of white pine," he said. "It's one of the easiest and most workable woods."

I grinned at him. I might have



known. "What's so funny?" he asked.

My friendship with the white pine stimulated an interest in all trees. While in high school, I spouted the Latin names of trees the way some kids reel off the batting averages of major league baseball players. I guess it was only natural that I decided to attend forestry college at Syracuse University.

Naturally, my favorite college courses involved dendrology. Dendrology is the naming and identification of the trees. Or, as the dictionary de-

fines it, that branch of botany that covers trees and shrubs.

At college, I also learned that white pines take various shapes. In the deep forest, the white pine is classified as an "intolerant" tree. Which means it can't tolerate the shade of competing trees very well, so it reaches greedily for the light. In this environment, the white pine grows tall and stately. Its side branches, deprived of light, die and drop off, so most of the main trunk or bole is straight and free of stubs almost to the small bushy

crown. As a result, it's the largest of the eastern conifers, often growing 75 to 100 feet tall, and from two to four feet in diameter.

But it takes on an entirely different shape when it grows in the open. There it can be lazy, since it doesn't have to compete for the sunlight. It spreads in all directions, with the branches remaining fresh and green.

The white pine takes still another shape when its terminal leader, or tip of the tree, is attacked by pine weevils. Then, like good soldiers in battle, the side branches jump into the breach and grow straight up to compensate for the loss of the leader. This makes for a candelabra shape temporarily.

Finally, one of the branches asserts itself more than the others, and becomes the new leader. Then, the trunk grows straight up, curves sideways, then continues straight up again. Not exactly a lumberman's delight. In fact, these trees, which are called "cabbage pines" because they look like heads of cabbage, are usually unfit for the sawmill.

When a professor said that one of the best ways of protecting the white pine from its most serious disease is to eliminate currant and gooseberry bushes, I thought he was joking. The white pine blister rust disease first infects those bushes, then invades the pines and destroys their bark.





Before long, I learned there was much more to the white pine than just a pretty tree. The Pilgrims and the Western settlers built cabins of white pine, fashioned furniture of it, made masts for clipper ships, fashioned tubs for baths and finally were buried in white pine coffins.

Today, it would be difficult to find a home without one or more parts made from either northern white pine or its larger cousin, western white pine (*Pinus monticola*). Doors, window sashes, molding, interior finish, furniture, or part of the exterior construction often are of white pine.

With a tree so beautiful and useful, and adorned with long, slender curved cones, it should come as no surprise that the northern white pine is the official state tree of both Maine and Michigan. In fact, the state *flower* of Maine is a white pine cone and tassel!

During the fall term of my last year in college, the Great New En-

gland Hurricane swept through the forests of Long Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, finally trailing off into Maine. The irony was that this disaster provided me with my first job after graduation. I was paid the magnificent sum of \$75 a month (less \$26 for room and board in a camp barracks) as a student-laborer, to help to clean up the mess in western New Hampshire.

We worked to avert two imminent dangers. First, the slash from the branches and crowns could dry out and become an explosive fire hazard. Second, the logs could be rendered worthless by the bark beetles, who burrowed tunnels in the wood beneath the bark. We prevented the former by trimming all felled trees, then piling the branches into huge ricks in open spaces. Later, after the first snowfall, we set fire to them. Other crews prevented log damage from the beetles by

bucking the trunks into logs, then floating them in the many lakes and ponds of New Hampshire. The insects were unable to get at those water-bound logs. An amusing footnote: Years later, those wormy logs that had been impossible to salvage were eventually sawed into lumber with many tunnels in each board. Much to the amazement and delight of the lumbermen, they sold at a premium price as decorative paneling.

Today, though I live in California, far from the northern white pine, anytime I go hiking in the Sierras, I find myself surrounded by its western

cousin. The resemblance is striking, but as is usual in the West, all features are on a larger scale. (Western white pines grow 100 to 175 feet tall.)

Last fall, an unexpected business trip brought me back to New Hampshire in the middle of autumn. Once again I roamed the woods, renewing my friendship with the white pine I first met so many years ago. It was a happy reunion. I can report that my old friend is as handsome and fragrant as ever. And doing quite well since the hurricane, with a whole new generation growing up. □

Special Offer for Ford Times Readers



Village Mint, Inc., which struck two bas-relief keepsake medallions in honor of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary, is offering *Ford Times* readers a free nickel-silver medallion with each bronze medallion they buy.

The bronze medallion is 2½ inches in diameter. It shows a 1903 Ford Model A at the historic Mack Avenue Plant in Detroit, where the company's first production car was built, and, on the reverse side, Ford's 75th anniversary corporate-oval symbol.

The nickel-silver medallion is 1½ inches in diameter, omits the Mack Plant but is otherwise al-

most identical in design to the bronze version.

The retail prices of the medallions are \$16.95 for the bronze and \$3.45 for the nickel-silver (Michigan residents should add four per cent for sales tax), plus \$1.50 for postage and shipping. To receive a free nickel-silver medallion with each bronze medallion bought, *Ford Times* readers must simply state, when ordering, that they read about the medallions in *Ford Times*.

Medallions may be ordered from Village Mint, Inc., at 129 Parklane Tower West, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

Wildcat With Fins



*With the tarpon, the joy is in catching—
not eating—this great battler*

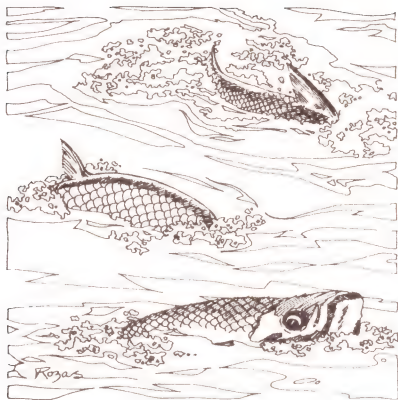
by Irwin Ross

illustrations by Robert Rozas

PROBABLY 200 MILLION PEOPLE in this nation cannot understand why a person would catch a fish he has no intention of eating. So I herewith take those 200 million by the hand and lead them down to the sea. As I can't get all of them in one small boat with

me, and since I don't like to cast from a large boat, I will select one fisherman to represent the others. I will call him Joe.

I set out to show Joe why people will try to catch a fish that is considered unfit for human consumption —



the tarpon, to me the king of all game fish that can be caught by casting. It is also called the silver king, the big sardine and, down in the southern reaches of its domain, the *sabalo*.

I put Joe near the bow of the little boat and we head down the Rio Grande River, although it could just as easily be some other river in Texas, or one of the sheltered canals in the Florida Everglades or a river in Central America. The tarpon is found all along the coast as far south as Brazil. The coast of North Carolina is his idea of the frigid zone.

While Joe and I are buzzing down the Rio Grande, I rig up the tackle for both of us, tying a Number 5½ spoon on Joe's line. Then I tie a plug with three clusters of gang hooks on my own. A plug is, ordinarily, more effective than a spoon for tarpon, but the spoon has only one hook, which reduces the chances of Joe hanging a hook into my back, and it is only right

that, as teacher, I should catch the first tarpon.

We round a bend and below us is the Gulf. We see rollers piling over a bar on the Mexican side. I watch where the rollers enter the stream. Joe whistles and watches the seagulls, not knowing that you *hunt* for tarpon just as on land you hunt for wildcats. Soon I see the back of a big fish. It is a tarpon. I say nothing to Joe, for the back that comes up and gently slides through the water is as broad as my two hands, and is a rich bronze color, which tells me that this tarpon is too old and crusty for Joe. I figure that this tarpon wouldn't hit anyway, for the reason that it is coming up for air. A tarpon has rudimentary lungs and mixes air with the oxygen that it dis- tills from the water.

Then another tarpon comes up. It tempts me. Its dorsal fin cuts the water rapidly and its back is a greenish color, which means that it is young and under five feet, and that I would have a fair chance in a battle with it.

I'm tempted to throw a plug at it, but just then I see a silvery form flash into the air, throwing spray and reflecting sunlight like silver. That tarpon is feeding. It had started from the bottom, aiming at a mullet on the surface, and its momentum has carried it on into the air. Once a tarpon starts a dash for food it has no judgment.

Soon another tarpon lunges, and I see that tarpon are churning the water at the bar. I don't tell Joe what is going on behind him. I figure it's just as well to hook a tarpon myself before he

starts fiddling with that spoon. I slow the motor and Joe, suspicious soul, peers around to see why I am stopping. A roller washes in over the bar. Joe merely says, "Ought to be some nice redfish there." I come about and cut the motor. Then, as the boat is coming to a halt, I heave the plug into the middle of those tarpon.

Joe at last takes a good look; when he sees those huge fish he jumps up and shouts, "Good heavens!" and the boat takes a 50-degree list. I try to balance the boat, but a tarpon grabs my plug, almost jerking my arms off, and Joe barely saves himself by hanging onto the rail. My tarpon lunges into the air. I yell like a Comanche.

This tarpon is "hot." It's feeding the way I like tarpon to feed, and I can tell you that few fish show as much variety in feeding as tarpon. Tarpon sneak up on a plug lying on the bottom, timidly pick it up, then ease around with it like a catfish with stale liver. I've had tarpon waddle around near the bottom, cutting didos, until I became convinced I had hooked an alligator gar and tried to shake it off. Then

that giant of shore feeders would come blazing up in front of my face. There have been days when they struck the instant the lure hit the water, days that lingered in my memory.

Those days are coming to life again for Joe and me in the little boat near the school of feeding tarpon. My fish no sooner touches the lure than it is in the air, in one shimmering motion. It gets rid of the hooks, almost hitting me in the face with the plug.

I lay the lure back and bingo! I have another strike. This second one also shakes loose, but it throws the lure sideways and another tarpon dives on it. I lean into it, but it charges away and lunges until it gets loose.





Suddenly it dawns on Joe that he has a rod and reel in his hands, and while I am straightening out my bent steel leader, he casts. Now Joe is no dud at fishing. It just happens he has never seen a tarpon before. He makes a fair cast, and starts reeling in his spoon instead of working it properly. But a tarpon takes it anyway. I have to lay aside my tackle to handle the boat.

At first I am irritated. I figure that Joe will go rushing around telling everybody that he went out to watch me catch tarpon and he, himself, caught the first one. I am tempted not to help him, then I see by the wild look in his eye that he isn't thinking about anything but hanging on for dear life, so I take a paddle and begin rooting for him. Then I do more than take a paddle — I start the motor, for that tarpon has started for the boat and there has never been a boat built to accommodate me and a live tarpon simultaneously.

I get the motor started but the tarpon turns again, after a wild leap, and heads for the open sea. Line goes melting off Joe's reel and I see him start to tighten the star drag. I yell at him to stop. That's the way people lose fish and tackle. Joe is sure the tarpon is going right across the Gulf and he yells for me to give chase. I give chase, but soon the tarpon leaps again, stands on his tail, changes direction when he hits the water and heads toward the shore.

This tarpon is about a four-footer, just a nice size for Joe's rig. It dogs it

a bit, makes another long run and leaps clear. By this time, Joe feels that he has the situation in hand. He yells, and I know that he is in good shape.

Twice the tarpon gets so far out Joe begins to lose faith, and once he steps out of the boat and starts wading right out in the river. I have to catch him by the belt and soothe him. But each time the tarpon stops, a very bad mistake tarpon make, Joe pumps him gently, retrieving enough line for a working margin.

This goes on for many minutes, the runs getting shorter each time, the leaps slowing down until finally the tarpon can raise only part of its body out of the water. It's getting tired, as is Joe. But Joe comes through. We move the boat and the tarpon into shallow water. Joe works the tarpon down until it lies on its side, which is a tarpon's way of surrendering. Then he eases it up close enough for me to get hold of the leader. I slide it up in the boat and Joe kneels down beside it. He looks at it with affection, patting it fondly on the head. I take the hook out and slide the tarpon back in the river. "Fantastic fish," Joe says. "Wonderful fish."

"It's too bad they're not good to eat."

"What the devil?" Joe sputters. "Why, a man who would kill a noble fish like that and eat it ought to be shot!"

I smile happily. Joe is a fisherman, and the next thing he says proves it. He says he wants to go out and catch a six-footer. □

Letters Letters Letters

Fairmont With Friends

A word of appreciation is in order for Ford's participation in the driver education program throughout the country. Pictured here is a Fairmont and some of the students and their instructor who use it for driver education at East, one of four high schools in Madison. The local Ford

dealer, Kayser Ford, Inc., has been very cooperative in making vehicles available for our program.

Larry Taubenheim
East High School
Madison, Wisconsin



The Three Bugs

Jacob, our kindergartener, was present when we bought our new Ford F-150 truck last fall. He overheard the salesman tell us to drive the truck until the accessories that we ordered arrived. That way, the salesman explained, if there were any "bugs" in the truck, they could be taken care of when we returned to have the accessories installed.

A few days later, we were driving to a nearby community. It was a warm day and we had the windows open. Several insects came into the cab. Jacob spotted them and said, "There are three bugs in the truck. You had better tell the salesman about them!"

We enjoy the truck and the *Ford Times*. Keep up the good work.

Mrs. Marianne Adkins
Hale, Michigan

F.D.R.'s 1938 Convertible

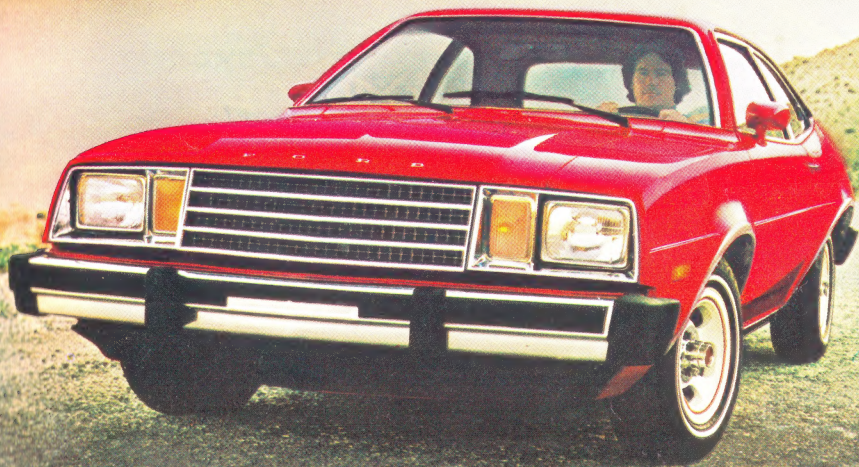
Shame on you! Your October '78 edition in its write-up of "The Little White House at Warm Springs, Georgia," didn't show F.D.R. in his 1938 blue Ford convertible. Please, let us see this historical photo.

Jim Snoddy
Greenwood, South Carolina



Photo of F.D.R. in 1938 Ford courtesy of Franklin D. Roosevelt Warm Springs Memorial Commission.

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